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Note from the Focus Editor Martin Luther King Jr. : What are we talking about?

I should start off with a confession: I'm in favor of a national Martin Luther King Jr. Holiday. But I also should confess that I am tired of the rhetoric and controversy surrounding it. (The Review features an article by Mike Austin on the subject this week. See "Human Rights, Holidays, and Racism" in Opinion.)

When the holiday became a big issue in Arizona, I was a not quite liberal, not quite conservative, not quite sure of anything teenager. But because of my state's controversy over the holiday, I started thinking about it. Opponents used certain arguments: the economy couldn't afford a holiday, Martin Luther King was an immoral and a not-so-great man, and more influential people didn't have their own holidays. Our august governor Evan Mecham rescinded it and tried to portray pro-

ponents of the holiday as spendthrift homosexual minorities. Supporters of the holiday called their foes bigots and idiots.

There was national attention. Arizona's problem was called a symptom of hidden national racism. Conventions were cancelled, and it seemed like everyone boycotted Arizona. Ironically, the state lost far more money in lost business than would ever have been spent on a paid holiday. The controversy spawned hate-spewing political factions, and everyone forgot the initial issue.

There was a Donahue show about it. That's when I knew it was big. But I still didn't know what it was really about. Racism versus economics versus who knew what.

Stop. What was the point? I could barely get past the rhetoric. Why did

people care so much about a Martin Luther King, Jr. holiday?

The day celebrates liberation from oppression. It celebrates a man who was a peaceful voice for an angry oppressed people, a man who forced the rest of society to recognize the individualism and rights of all. He challenged the United States to act upon and not simply mouth the words "liberty and justice for all." He forced my race to re-examine its own hypocrisy. He led a movement to free us from the oppression of prejudice. These were great acts, worth recognition.

But maybe we are losing ourselves in words and meaningless contentions. It does no good to fight about a holiday honoring a man of peace. The irony that his January 15 birthday went almost unnoticed this year because of war makes me think that

a holiday is worthless. We mouth honor for peace loving men and women and their causes even as we fight over the way we will honor them. What good does it do a society to have deference for the name of Martin Luther King, Jr. when his ideas of peace and love can be so easily obscured by rhetoric and hatred? Why recognize human rights one day of the year unless the rest of the year is spent working for less contention and more human rights?

Guenevere Nelson

Letters

To the Editor:

As a member of Eco-Response, I spoke to the administrators of the Cougarreat, namely Paul Johnson, Samuel Brooks, and Thad Anderson, about the feasibility of phasing out the use of styrofoam in the cafeteria. Eco-Response thought an ecologi-

cally sound alternative to styrofoam—a known hazard to our environment—should be used. Our conversation occurred in February 1990, during which they told me the Cougarreat would not end its use of styrofoam because, they thought, the student body would be unwilling to accept such a change. They said that until others in the industry (McDonalds) changed their policy

concerning styrofoam, they would be more than hesitant to change theirs.

I am happy to draw attention to the fact that as of November 1990, McDonalds discontinued the majority of their use of styrofoam packaging, replacing these with containers more ecologically safe. So, in keeping with the atmosphere of trust and integrity in the Cougarreat, we look forward to seeing the end of styrofoam as packaging hazard on our campus. We challenge the Food Service Administrators to follow the example of McDonalds through keeping their promise to eliminate this embarrassment in our eating areas.

I would like to encourage the student body at BYU to help expedite this change by:

- 1) refusing food served on styrofoam
- 2) asking for glass plates and sil-

verware instead of styrofoam and plasticware

3) influencing administrators through your comments placed in the comment box in the Cougarreat (address them to Paul Johnson, Samuel Brooks, and Thad Anderson, or call them at 378-4624).

Let's think globally and act locally!

Darren Gillette
1990 BYU graduate

Apology

Last week we accidentally published a poem by Coary Ettari, "Halloween On Sunrise Boulevard," without his permission. We appreciate the use of the poem, but it was a first draft and we apologize for the mistake

-SR editor

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Pluralism Reconsidered: a Response to David Bohn

By Matthew Stannard

DAVID BOHN'S "PLURALISM AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY" in the faculty issue of SR (Dec. 12), concerns a familiar subject, authoritarianism in academia. Dr. Bohn argues that the traditional academic worldview is a self-deceptive attempt to rise above history; "ill-conceived," "unnecessary" and "harmful." Bohn disdains "liberalism," and suggests we set out on a better approach: one he argues is found in our own religious tradition.

Bohn's approach is unique, given the familiarity of the subject. Instead of invoking familiar red herrings and various objectivist replies, Bohn questions the supposition that truth can be found along the academic path, and criticizes those who believe an objective language can be found in such a search. Liberalism, he argues, is full of "empty clichés" and mindless "uniformity." By attempting to move "beyond the relative claims of history," liberalism digs its own grave and produces nothing but a surreptitious reassertion of its ideology.

It is interesting that Bohn uses such strong language, especially while he is questioning the empty language of liberalism. Everything Bohn says about the "liberal" mindset could also be said about the positions liberalism opposes. One, in fact, could apply Bohn's critique to itself. Bohn acknowledges the difficulty of moving beyond such language, but no effort is made to avoid the familiar clichés flung back and fourth in most academic discourse.

Bohn ignores the important fact that the journey into "liberal" dogma was a descent from a much worse, much bloodier dogma. The "liberal" tradition, based primarily on science, capitalism, and a curious sort of democracy, has in some ways improved the human condition, and otherwise has enslaved and dehumanized humankind. I share Dr. Bohn's concern that such an ideology should not take hold at our university, or any. Dogma is always dangerous, particularly when it is disguised as objective inquiry.

But if Bohn has seen this sort of problem at BYU, then I have seen something else. Much of the debate among students and faculty is characterized by apathy, bigotry, and exploitation; these seem to be treated as ideologies in themselves, objectified doctrines which other ideas are measured against. With little or no justification from our holy writ or prophetic revelations, proponents of such dogma are riding the momentum of a dominant political and theological conservatism that ran BYU for three decades. Bohn does not, and could not, suggest that these three decades fulfilled the opening of our community's historical and spiritual actualization. As he suggests, falsely objective "liberalism" and narrow minded "conservatism" are two sides of the same linguistic coin.

But what is the coin? And how does Bohn's critique remove itself from the coin? Bohn would be the first to admit that it does not, and can't. However, the rhetoric he employs professes objectivism. He employs scripture and academic inquiry not as candidates for truth, but as rhetorical opponents on the rhetorical playing field of history. All the while, he wishes to liberate us from the very method he uses, by telling us that we cannot be liberated.

Bohn seeks "authentic" discussion of issues, but never tells us what the issues are, or how one conducts an authentic discussion. If such a method is found in our tradition, he ought to make it familiar to us. He claims that liberalism has been "undermined" by "recent scholarship," but he never describes the approach and conclusions of such scholarship. And after condemning our supposed desire to "abandon" our religious tradition and seek secular answers, he offers no concrete alternatives within our tradition—instead, he offers the scholarly, secular critiques of two philosophers, Paul Ricoeur and Hans Gaddamer.

Ricoeur and Gaddamer are loosely interpreted by Bohn to warrant his claim that there is no escape from the community. Here, I must ask, is Bohn saying we are unable to escape tradition, or that we should not? If he is saying we cannot, then why is he worried? Is he concerned that we'll waste our time trying to escape history? Is not such a struggle itself an element of our historical tradition? If, on the other hand, Bohn is arguing that we *should not* try to escape, I must ask why not, especially if we've been trapped by dogma and archaic authoritarianism.

Bohn seems to be going in circles. At BYU, he argues, "our mode of discourse is not merely a bland repetition of what is said elsewhere precisely because it has its root in a distinct tradition." Yet, earlier he has argued that all modes of discourse reflect "momentary consensus" within a community. How good is our momentary consensus? Why is it better? Bohn suggests that our tradition is superior because we see reason "at its highest moment when informed by the spirit." Yet, earlier he criticizes the false dichotomy between the intellectual and the spiritual. What sorts of learning are inspired, and what uninspired? On what objective pedestal is Bohn standing to see the difference? After his critique, how does his methodology avoid the problem? And why doesn't he offer a *single* example of where our tradition succeeds? Why are there no relevant scriptures or prophetic revelations? Bohn seems only to mention our religion incidentally. Could it be that a genuine alternative requires stepping outside of the language our community has employed?

Actually, Bohn's conclusion is that openness and humility, both occurring within our tradition, allow for a spirited inquiry. I fully endorse his call to raise "fundamental questions that probe the very ground of differences and similarities." I support it as a solution to the problem he outlines, as well as the problem he falls into himself. An honest inquiry is not "liberal"; it is, in fact, "radical." It questions underlying assumptions, attempts to identify shortcomings and incompleteness, and points out self-contradictions in *all* modes of discourse, including its own. It is also "progressive." It constantly reminds us of the precarious nature of worldly knowledge.

But for such an inquiry to occur, these critiques alone are insufficient. All critiques conceal some things while augmenting others, and are in themselves incomplete. Bohn's concealment of the real problem at BYU seems either deliberate or ignorant. His avoidance of the prejudice in the BYU community is *conspicuously* absent. It is simply absurd to suggest that the dogma of secular relativism is any worse than the dogma of unchecked, un-Christian religious intolerance. Both objectify, and deny the humanity of humans. Both block the radical thinking necessary to do justice to the urgency of the Christian mission. Both point their fingers at one another and set up false distinctions.

We are indeed fortunate to be at a university in which we might seek to affirm as well as criticize, to examine worldviews from our worldview. We do this precisely because the gospel compels us to. We are, quite literally, on an urgent mission to save ourselves from spiritual destruction. We *must* be concerned about how to regard the secular world and its ideology. Perhaps Bohn sees such efforts as symptoms of an obsession with current academic fads. I see them as attempts to place secular ideas within a gospel perspective. I see them as our only alternative to blanket ignorance or simplistic condemnation.

At any rate, we needn't fear the infiltration from "outside" our community as much as the real danger in which our own tradition finds itself. Liberalism is indeed a bad thing, but so is another Wilkinson era. We should carefully avoid both. Δ

Matthew Stannard is a senior in philosophy.



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Student Review

Holidays, Human Rights, and Racism

by Mike Austin

ON JANUARY 21, MOST OF AMERICA CELEBRATED the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., a holiday established in 1986 after Congress voted overwhelmingly to set aside the third Monday of January to honor one of America's most outstanding citizens. However, not everyone joined in the celebration. Arizona residents voted narrowly to reject the holiday altogether, a few Southern towns have refused to honor King on the grounds that he was "jest a durn commie," and the BYU administrative machine, always anxious to do as little as possible to get out of paying federally-mandated overtime wages, announced that the kickoff event of Black Awareness Week would be something called "Human Rights Day."

The logic behind replacing King Day with something more generic is familiar: "Martin Luther King was a good man," we are told, "but he was only one man. 'Human Rights Day' will honor King—plus all the people across the world that have worked for the cause of freedom..." Those who adopt this line of reasoning usually rattle off the names of other people (most of whom are white) who have contributed to progress in human rights and should be honored—along with King—in a catch-all holiday honoring life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness everywhere.

As much as 'Human Rights Day' advocates would like to consider their ideas inclusive and open-minded, their logic is primarily exclusive, and, I believe, faulty. Imagine replacing Christmas with something like "Western Male Deities Day," a catch-all holiday in which we could honor Jesus plus a whole bunch of others: Zeus, Thor, the Druids, everyone.

But the idea of celebrating "Human Rights Day" has little to do with human rights. Such a holiday was never even proposed until Congress established a Martin Luther King holiday and required companies to either close down for a day or offer time-and-a-half wages to its employees. Human Rights Day, then, is an attempt to obey the letter of the law—that a holiday must be celebrated—while totally ignoring the spirit which gave birth to the occasion.

For the most part, this compromise arises out of the persistent feeling that Martin Luther King is unworthy of a holiday. Opponents are fond of pointing to all the great Americans who don't have holidays to honor them—Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin, James Madison, and so on. This argument entirely ignores the the cultural problem that is at the root of the controversy.

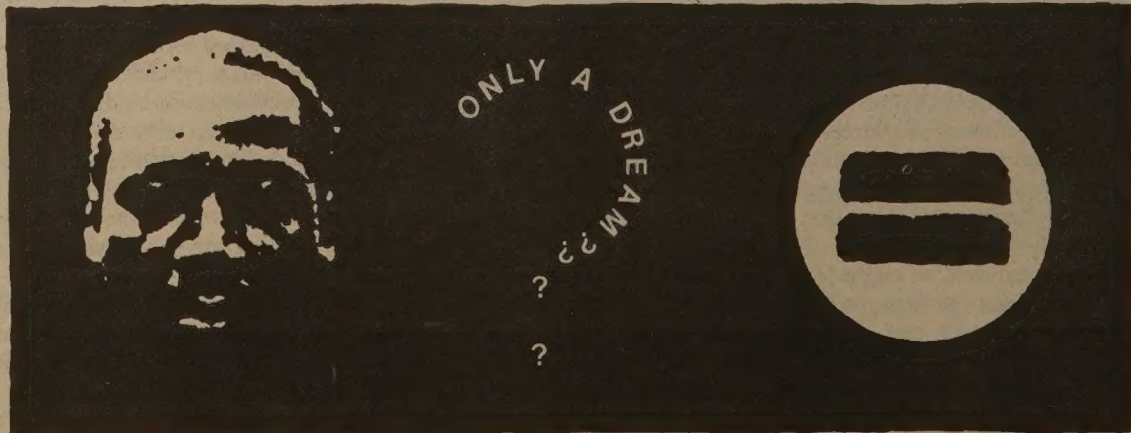
The critical issue is not which individuals have holidays in their honor, but which cultural values are implied in the holidays we do have. Holidays and festivals have always been an important part of a society's cultural tapestry. In America, where different cultures have sup-

posedly created a "melting pot" of different traditions, we have traditionally celebrated the holidays of only one cultural heritage. Consider a few of the reasons why we stay home from work: President's Day, which honors two of the greatest white male political leaders of the nation's history, one of whom owned slaves; the Fourth of July, which celebrates the anniversary of one group of privileged white men declaring independence from an almost identical group of British elites; Labor Day, which honors the American labor unions, most of whom didn't allow blacks to join until the mid 1970's; and Christmas, which honors the religion that gave rise to the Western European and American tradition. The other official federal holidays—New Year's, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving and Columbus Day—similarly reflect white, middle class values that have dominated America for so long.

The decision to set aside a holiday for Martin Luther King is more than just a decision to honor one man. King Day is the only Federally-sanctioned holiday that does not stem directly from the white cultural tradition. Certainly it would be possible to include a non-anglo holiday that did not honor Martin Luther King. We could have a "Black American Day," a "Civil Rights Day," and if one were imaginative enough, possibly even a "Human Rights Day." However, these are not the holidays Black Americans have chosen as their own culturally significant celebrations.

Martin Luther King has always been an important figure in the struggle for civil rights, and the Black oral tradition has always singled out religious men and great orators for its highest honors. Any attempt by a white majority to change the King holiday into something more generic tells the Black community: "OK, we'll let one of your holidays into our tradition, but we get to decide what kind of holiday it will be." If this is the case, then the holiday doesn't really stem from the Black tradition at all. It is just one more example of a condescending majority trying to tell a minority what is best for them.

The underlying assumptions behind BYU's "Human Rights Day," then, are far more racist than even Arizona's decision not to have a holiday at all. Whereas Arizonans were honest, those responsible for Human Rights Day (and I imagine that the decision was made by about three people, one of whom spoke and two of whom fawned in obvious agreement) chose to reinforce the idea that the minority is always free to do what the majority thinks best. This is the same attitude of condescension that has characterized American race relations since the Civil War, and it must change before any holiday honoring Martin Luther King or human rights can be anything more than a symbolic gesture. Δ





Book Review of Levi Peterson's book *Night Soil*

Digging Night Soil

by Steve Gibson

S EVEN YEARS AGO, LEVI PETERSON EDITED *GREENING WHEAT: FIFTEEN Mormon Short Stories*. In the introduction to that book Peterson said,

"A health comes to human beings when they acknowledge in their philosophy and celebrate in their art a broad range of experience, manifesting thus that they are appreciative of life's fulfillments and beauties and toughened to its hardships and deprivations."

By demonstrating his toughness, his appreciation and by celebrating the broad range of experience in a new collection of his own short stories, *Night Soil*, Peterson succeeds in bringing healthy perspective to his readers. This perspective arrives as *Night Soil* provides a mature, thought-provoking view of the Mormon experience.

The seven short stories in *Night Soil* are uniformly excellent. The characters remind me of people I know. They are real, well drawn, and complete with both flaws and strengths. The author knows and understands the conflicts within people and shares his stories of their behavior in a graceful, elegant prose. The organization of the stories within the book is intriguing in itself.

The first story, "The Newsboy," is one of the best. The world is still new for the main character, Albert. It has, for him—but not necessarily for the people around him—the same awe and wonder that it has for a new-born. Albert is what he wants to be—a child enjoying his childhood. I took nostalgic pleasure in Albert because of the happiness, the exploring, and pleasant discoveries in his future.

On the other hand, it was hard to feel this sentiment for Pickett, the main character in the seventh and title story "Night Soil," because of the sadness and suffering in his present. He is noble in his struggles and weaknesses, feeling the pains of needing a rebirth, a changing; needing to close the distance between what he is and what he wants to be. That he finds hope and

the will to try again testifies of the god within each of us. This story alone is worth the price of the collection.

The second story is called "Third Nephite" and I found myself enjoying it as much as "The Newsboy." It is compelling in its characterization of a radical, runty, foul-mouthed third Nephite who changes a man and saves a marriage. Judith Swaner, a character in the sixth story, "A Wayne County Romance," saves a marriage also, not by anything she does—but by what she doesn't. Both these stories are romances in the best possible way while they explore the uniqueness in Mormon marriages.

The roles married and non-married couples play in each other's lives switch in the third and fifth stories. In "Petroglyphs," the third story, a non-married couple forces the catharsis that strengthens another couple's marriage; while in "Sunswath," it is a married couple that unintentionally brings a non-married pair to crisis.

"The Goats of Timpanogos" is the fourth story in the collection. It is the centerpiece of the collection and the most complex. It explores the paradoxes in human relationships, in perceptions of the church and gospel; and in finding truth and love. This story will probably provide the most poignant conflict for LDS readers. I like the merciful God that is espoused in this story, the God that "had lent his grace to unruly nature and blessed even the sinful and disobedient with some degree of consolation" (116).

Night Soil is a banquet of the emotions and the experiences that make us human. It starts with milk, leads us to meat, then back to milk again—with a heavy mix of humor, innocence, and nostalgia. These are enjoyable stories told eloquently, honestly, and without a trace of self-consciousness. Good fiction acts as a mirror, it shows its readers something about the world they inhabit and something about themselves. These stories in *Night Soil* confront reality in a Mormon context and they do so honestly, displaying both triumphs and tragedies, and then challenging us to tell the difference. Δ

Preacher's Corner

During the first sacrament meeting of every month, everyone races to the pulpit for the opportunity to say, "I'm thankful for this opportunity I have to stand and bear my testimony." But how many times is this followed by:

The Academy Award: "I would like to thank ..."

The Cliche: "... beyond the shadow of a doubt, with every fiber ..."

The Confessional: "I lead such a sinful life ..."

The Dare: "My roommates gave me five bucks to come up here ..."

The Flood: "I *sob* *sob* know *sniff* *sob* ..."

The Story: "Once when I was young ..."

The Tape: "I know the church is true. I love my ..."

There is nothing wrong with wanting to thank every person you ever met in your life publicly, as long as you testify of something as well. There is nothing wrong with crying—but don't mistake emotion for the Spirit. There is something wrong with confession: it is something to be done between you and the Lord, sometimes involving a bishop—but the ward doesn't need to know. And the "five buck" testimony: if that's its worth, keep it to yourself. Quit selling it. Δ Submitted by Todd Christiansen

Editor's note: This new section will appear monthly, so if something has your shorts in a bind, and you want to air it out, send your one page, double-spaced sermon to: *Student Review—Preacher's Corner*, P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602

From the Horse's Mouth



Peculiar doctrines we've heard lately—

All of the temples have doors on the east side that will not open until the second coming.

The Word of Wisdom was a suggestion, not a commandment, until 1890. Joseph Smith occasionally tended the bar at the Nauvoo Mansion.

It's okay to judge someone who is doing something really wrong.

Joseph Smith said, "If I told you all of the truth, as it has been revealed to me, none of you would stand by me."

God won't be happy until we use up all of the world's resources. The second coming will not happen until that time.

The Nuclear Test Ban Treaty

by Eric Ethington

NUCLEAR TESTING IN THE SOUTHWEST UNITED STATES traces its roots to the feverish race the U.S. ran to unleash the secrets of the atom before the Germans did. The United States won the race when it exploded the first atomic bomb near White Sands, New Mexico on July 16, 1945. Less than a month later, it used two atomic bombs on Japan, ostensibly to hasten the end of WWII. Though the U.S.' motives for the nuclear destruction of Nagasaki and Hiroshima are still debated by historians and political scientists, the horrors of nuclear war and the dangers of atmospheric testing are not. Atmospheric testing, the kind that killed Guenevere's grandfather (see accompanying story) and other citizens of the Southwest, was outlawed in 1963 when the United States signed the Partial Test Ban Treaty (PTBT).

The PTBT was the first international agreement of world-wide scope dealing specifically with nuclear weapons. The treaty banned nuclear testing in the atmosphere (too much Strontium 90 was showing up in cow's milk), outer space and underwater. The treaty was hailed as historically significant because it was the first step taken to stop the nuclear arms race and prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. However, because the treaty did not ban underground nuclear testing, the PTBT has turned out to be more of a health and environmental measure than one of arms control. The United States and the Soviet Union since 1963, have conducted underground tests at an even faster rate than the previous atmospheric tests. Together, both nations have conducted more than 1000 tests since 1963.

The PTBT was signed with the understanding that the major powers would continue to negotiate for a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty (CTBT). Though the U.S., Britain and the USSR have all agreed "to achieve the discontinuance of all test explosions of nuclear weapons for all time" and "determined to continue negotiations to this end," the United States and Great Britain have dragged their heels in negotiating towards a total test ban.

Now, because of the U.S. reluctance to negotiate a comprehensive test ban treaty, the nuclear genie which has so far only spread to seven countries may become more widespread.

Why?

Because there is another treaty, the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NNPT) which governs the spread of Nuclear weapons which comes up for renewal in 1995, that depends upon the U.S. and USSR negotiating a comprehensive test ban treaty (CTBT).

Basically, it works like this. 118 countries have signed the NNPT pledging they will not acquire or assist another nation in developing nuclear weapons. Some of those nations include Iraq, Pakistan and other countries the U.S. would not like to acquire nuclear weapons. For these and other nations, the U.S. and USSR signing a comprehensive test ban treaty is seen as an indication of how willing the super-powers are in preventing the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

In essence, as Bernard Lown, M.D. and Peter Zheutlin, president and director of public affairs respectively of the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War have stated, "the non-nuclear parties to the NNPT have seen a nuclear test ban as the 'quid pro quo' for their participation in the non-proliferation regime. They have seen a test ban as the litmus test of nuclear power sincerity and commitment to the cause of nuclear non-proliferation."

"But the message from the nuclear powers to the non-nuclear states is this: 'Do as we say, not as we do; nuclear

weapons are fine for us, but not for you.' For more than 20 years the non-nuclear states have been waiting for the nuclear powers to make good on their promises."

By seriously negotiating for the Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty, the U.S. and U.K. not only slow down the process of making nuclear weapons, but they can ensure the survival of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty that helps stop the spread of nuclear weapons. Drs. Lown and Zheutlin continue: "attempts by Iraq to acquire nuclear weapons ought to frighten us. But we must also ask what kind of political and moral leadership is being demonstrated by the nuclear powers. Only a test ban will send the message that the nuclear powers are prepared to keep their part of the non-proliferation bargain."

Because of the seriousness of the consequences if the NNPT fails, Mexico and other aligned countries spearheaded the effort to force the big powers to begin negotiations. According to the bylaws of the NNPT, Mexico, Indonesia, Peru, Sri Lanka, Venezuela and Yugoslavia quickly secured one-third of the 118 signatory nations to demand the super-powers and Britain to begin negotiations for a test ban treaty.

The Soviet Union has expressed its willingness to negotiate such a treaty and has called for a unilateral moratorium on nuclear testing until a treaty is signed. Though the U.S. and U.K. have agreed to meet in New York, both remain adamant in their refusal to support a CTBT treaty, even though failed negotiations mean the only legal document preventing Iraq and Pakistan from obtaining the atomic bomb, the NNPT, will probably not be renewed when it expires in 1995.

However, the United States seems willing to do just that. Kathleen Riley of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency stated, "If the U.S. is forced to choose between its own national security and its nuclear testing program versus the survival of the NNPT—which we would dearly like to see—the U.S. would choose maintenance of its own national security and therefore its own nuclear testing program."

In a nutshell, then, signatory nations of the NNPT are requiring the U.S. and U.K. to negotiate a comprehensive test ban treaty. This is something the U.S. and U.K. do not want to do. Since the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty expires in 1995, the current leaders of both countries seem to favor the NNPT expiring rather than be bound by its articles. If the NNPT expires, then the legal framework established to safeguard the world from nuclear proliferation is imperiled as well. Without the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, it would be much easier for countries like Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, South Africa, Libya and Syria to attain nuclear material and make their own nuclear bombs.

If a comprehensive test ban treaty is not negotiated and the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty is not renewed, it is likely that nuclear weapons could spread to any country with the resources to buy or make them. The world has been fortunate (?) that only two nuclear weapons have been used in war since July 16, 1945. However, without strong moral and political leadership from the nuclear powers, the success of the last 45 years will be difficult to duplicate in the next 45 years.

It is saddening that the United States, which so eagerly shoulders world leadership to stop Iraq's aggression in Kuwait, refuses to demonstrate any leadership on an issue potentially far more dangerous than Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. It is not surprising, however. Only recently has the U.S. government shown any leadership in accepting responsibilities for causing cancer deaths among the "downwinders." Maybe the next time Iraq invades Kuwait (who's to say it won't happen again?), it will do so with nuclear weapons. Then what type of leadership will the U.S. display? Δ



The Government Lies...Again

by Guenevere Nelson

HAVE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN RADIATION CONTAMINATION. MY GRANDPA DIED FROM THREE KINDS of cancer. That was probably caused by his exposure to radiation during aboveground nuclear testing in the forties and fifties.

Grandpa lived in Southern Utah, downwind from the Nevada test site. During the tests, the US government said that there was no hazard. The government gave pamphlets to schoolchildren to silence their fears about the nuclear tests. Their fear was wellfounded. The government lied knowingly. Millions of curies (grams of radiation) were spewed into the atmosphere yearly. Now the country is paying millions of dollars to compensate the cancer victims. The government even apologized. Pretty impressive, huh? Pretty politically expedient.

The United States government lied to its own people. Big deal, perhaps. Governments lie all the time.

But the government still won't tell the truth. Underground nuclear testing quietly continues, and the government assures us there is no hazard. Last month, in Nevada, the press found out about radiation contaminated ground water. The Department of Energy knew about this a year ago, but withheld the information. In 1986, an accident forced them to release 30,000 curies directly into the atmosphere and away from the test site. Policy still allows innumerable radiation releases on site.

How much radiation is safe? I don't know. Most scientists say that any amount is dangerous. The government still assures us that underground testing is utterly safe. Of course, RJ Reynolds Tobacco scientists still assure us that smoking isn't dangerous either. Δ

Interview with the Downwinders

by Guenevere Nelson

SR interviewed Steve Erickson, the spokesperson for Downwinders Inc., an organization that recently pushed Congress to pass the Downwinders Compensation Act, which authorized \$50,000 payments to cancer victims who were exposed to radiation by nuclear testing in the forties and fifties.

Student Review: What did the government initially say about aboveground nuclear testing?

Steve Erickson: The Atomic Energy Commission, which ran the tests, repeatedly said that there was no danger. They even met with children in nearby schools to distribute "little green booklets," that said nuclear testing was absolutely safe.

SR: Did the government know of the dangers?

SE: In a Congressional hearing (The Forgotten Guinea Pigs Report) in 1980, documents revealed that the government and the AEC were aware of dangers of radiation. They knew it caused cancer while they lied to the public.

SR: How do you justify monetary compensation?

SE: One of the most important parts of the Act simply contains an apology. Many of the victims have huge medical bills as a result of their cancers. The money helps. Unfortunately, the Act only applies to what we call Politically Correct Cancer and many types are excluded.

SR: What do you think of underground nuclear testing?

SE: We believe that there is no final justice until all testing is stopped. However, the testing is not as dangerous as it was in the past.

SR: How many tests are performed each year?

SE: The tests are sometimes not publicized, so it is hard to know the exact number. Several are done each year. The costs are relative. A single test can cost as little as 20 million dollars or as much as 100 million dollars. We are spending hundreds of millions to perfect bombs and I believe that's wrong.



Schwinn Peaks

OUR STORY SO FAR: FOLLOWING A DREAM-LEAD IN HER QUEST TO SOLVE the murder of Cosmo the Cougar, Gail Scooper was knocked into a coma. As we join her, she is (?) waking up...

There was music, like a carnival. She felt warmth on her face. Her first thought was that she had fallen asleep while tanning herself. But as she became aware of her clothing, a sweater, jeans, air jordans, she began to recall the painful ascent into darkness.

The recollection seemed abstracted from its background. She could not recall how she had come to be so prone, nor could she remember what she'd been doing before then.

In fact, the farther back she reached, the more elusive seemed her reference points. She began to panic. "I know who I am," she said aloud. Then, as an afterthought, she said it again. "I know who I am."

"Good for you. That makes two of us," a voice answered.

Gail sat up sharply. "Who's there?" She could see no one. "I'm not sure I know what's going on," Gail muttered.

"Who really cares?" came the reply. "Why ask questions?"

Gail grew impatient with the unseen voice. "We ask questions to get answers," she said.

"Oh really? We shall have to pursue that another time." The voice was infinitely patient, kind, wise and true. It also had a slight slur; a distinctly vodka slur, the kind that made the "s" into an "sh" and the tongue sound swollen.

"Where am I?" Gail asked. "Can you tell me how I got here?"

"You're here because you wanted to be. You created this world yourself. This represents the culmination of your greatest desires; the manifestation of your hidden and explicit yearnings." The voice sounded suddenly solemn. "Look around you."

Gail began to notice her surroundings. She was sitting in a back yard. There was a white picket fence, stretching into infinity. The grass beneath her situpon was deeply green, well-trimmed and smelled of suburban flora. The smiling yellow sun was pasted in the sky like a hot breakfast biscuit. There were no clouds, nor was it overbearingly hot. It was, in fact, perfect.

"Too perfect," Gail thought out loud. "Is this what I wanted?"

"Do I stutter?"

Gail was confused. She wanted to panic, but there was something about the surroundings; the fence and grass, the perfect sky, the distant sound of an ice cream truck. Gail began trying to concentrate. Her head seemed to swim, but then she was filled with a deep sense of...shame, or regret. Like she'd been neglecting something important. "Was there something I had to do?"

"Was there?" The voice sounded patient. "Perhaps something to get at the store. Something for your lover."

"I'm not sure. Is such a thing common?"

"Oh yes," the voice replied. "Perhaps you were on your way to buy a gift."

"But I don't know who my lover is," Gail said sadly. "Or even if I have one."

"Well, then," offered the voice, "perhaps if you go to the store and buy the gift, then you'll remember."

Gail considered the suggestion. She felt like a character in a bad piece of fiction; that before, someone had been making decisions for her, and now the story was hers to write. But she didn't know where to begin. She didn't know because she had no idea how or why she was sitting on the grass in a back yard. She had been somehow thrust, or thrown there. Everything was in her hands, but beyond her grasp. She felt suddenly alien; lonely. "I am," she pronounced, "not myself. I am not myself because I am alone. I cannot define myself without others? Where are the others? I can't be the only one here. Otherwise, I don't even know I'm here."

"Very profound."

At first, she thought it was the unseen voice, but it seemed more concrete. It was coming from behind her. She turned slowly.

The figure was about six feet tall, standing upright. It was slim, slightly crooked, and wet. And it was a cougar. The cougar was smiling. The cougar was undoubtedly male. His fur was matted, dripping and musty. Bicycle tires ran along his neck. "Very profound indeed," the cougar said. "But not very original."

Gail first recognized the cougar only as a sentience other than herself. But as his alien-ness began to fade, she thought she knew him from somewhere. Gail could only think to say "How long have you been here?"

"I'm not sure," the cougar replied.

"Well," said Gail. "Is this what you wanted? Is this the 'culmination of your hidden and explicit yearnings'?"

"Oh. I see you've been listening to that voice. That voice is a crock. It tries to make you take responsibility for things you didn't do. Later, I expect it will try to rob you of responsibility for things you did do. It irritates me." The cougar growled, sounding very irritated indeed.

"I shall have to remember that," Gail said.

"It would be a good idea. The question is, what are you going to do now?" The cougars curiosity sounded genuine.

"I'm supposed to buy something at the store," Gail replied. "For my lover."

"Are you sure? Or is that what the voice told you?"

"I...I'm not sure," Gail stuttered. "I can't remember."

"Well, then, I suppose we can give you the benefit of the doubt. The bus stop is a short walk from here."

Gail was happy that this unique other was going with her. She tried to make sense of her being wherever she was; but it was like trying to come to terms with existence itself. It seemed both obvious and amazing. The cougar seemed to sense her anxiety.

"One thing I've learned here," he said, "is that nobody knows where they came from, or where they're going, or why. And that frightens people. Cougars don't get scared of things like that. People try to make sense of it all; they listen to voices. Sometimes they know the voice isn't right, but they follow it anyway, just to have a direction to go. Cougars don't need disembodied voices telling them what to do."

"I wish I were a cougar," Gail said softly.

"Don't be sad," said the cougar. "People who can't be cougars will have to settle for having cougars as friends."

Gail smiled. Spotting the bus stop in the distance, they continued to walk.

△

Bail Me Out Bertha



Dear Bertha,
I read recently in my campus newspaper about mail-order brides from Russia. I've been back from my mission for 3 months now and I just can't seem to find that special someone to make me a whole person. The price is rather high, \$10,000, and I don't know any Russian, but I could get a loan or put it on my new Visa and take a Russian class at night. What should I do?

-Unfulfilled in Utah

Dear Unfulfilled,
You warped imbecilic little ninny, pull your head out and come back to reality. If you think you're only half a person than eat more. Forget the Russian-speaking classes; they're full of deluded freshman who want to go to Moscow on their mission when the closest they'll get to Russia is the Siberian-like winters of Michigan. Some Moldovan Olga is the last thing you need right now. Bertha just knew that one day this sort of tragedy would result from that dreadful bit of front page journalistic drivel and for that very purpose I added a new course to the Bertha Self-Help Series for Return Missionaries. I'm sure you will benefit tremendously from my new class: "Coping With PMS (Post Mission Syndrome) Through Belching and Bowling."

Dear Bertha,

Last Friday I found in my car trunk: \$7,000 cash, a beaten up xylophone, and a diary with the word "Cosmo" emblazoned across the front. Bertha, I'm in a pill. How did they get there and what should I do with them?
-Puzzled with \$7,000

Dear Puzzled,

I'll say you're in a pill. Lest you forget, Bertha is omniscient. Bertha knows the significance of each of those items and how you acquired each one of them you butcherous mascot murderer. How could you stoop so low as to send that letter. It's salt in Bertha's wounds. I loved Cosmo and won't let your vile cruelties go unpunished so you best beware of Bertha! Δ

Confused? Depressed? Bewildered?
Write Bertha the omniscient at P.O. Box 7092 Provo, UT 84602.

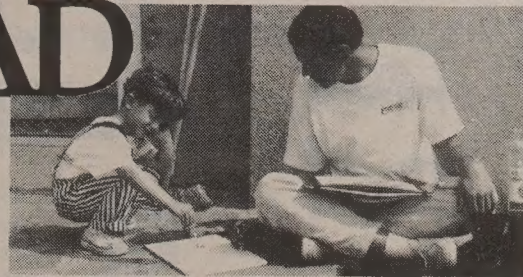
Top Twenty

1. Grape Nuts
2. environmentally correct T.P.
3. dating the bishop's daughter
4. passing exemption exams
5. Winter Solstice
6. fake furs
7. JSB Auditorium naps
8. irrepressible smiles
9. peace rallies
10. 5 gallon economy size Tide
11. knuckle hair
12. Martin Luther King
13. sidewalk scamming
14. learning something in class
15. guys in nightshirts
16. biking in the snow
17. yaks
18. pipe cleaners
19. theme from "Battlestar Galactica"
20. quiet mating calls

BOTTOM TEN

"Elvis" cologne; front page pig news; 12 weeks of school left; disco remakes; fake 'n bake; classes before sunrise; umbrellas; tenured professors; ignorant basketball fans; stepping on what you think is ice, finding out it's a puddle, pulling your foot out of the icy goo, and wearing the rusulting wet sock for the rest of the day.

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INFORMATION TABLE: Jan. 28-30, 9am-3pm, Ground Floor Olpin Union
FILM SEMINAR: Jan. 28, 7pm, "Let It Begin Here", Olpin Union, The Den

INTERVIEWS: Jan. 29, 12noon, "Let It Begin Here", Olpin Union, The Den

Feb. 11-13, 9am-3pm, Placement Center, Student Services. Interviews by appointment only. Applications must be completed by interview.

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A Look at the Lint Menace

by Quentin Decker

LINT. WE ALL DEAL WITH IT IN TODAY'S HURRY-UP-AND-GET-IT-DONE-yesterday world. It appears without warning on our clothes as we prepare for that special date. It is all we find when we fumble in our pockets for change. The sign at the laundry mat tells us we are in eminent danger if we do not clean the lint out of the dryer before we use it.

But the problem of lint is no mere annoyance. The Environmental Protection Agency has estimated that over one thousand landfills will be filled with lint and other clothing fibers within the next twenty-five years. This makes it more of an environmental threat than disposable diapers. Needless to say, something must be done.

Of course, lint is not a new phenomenon. It goes back to the beginning of time. Anthropologists today believe that the cave paintings Lascaux were painted with crude brushes made from the lint of bearskin loincloths.

A fragment of the Book of Job found at Qumron suggests that one of the plagues that afflicted Job was excessive lint. "...and it came to pass that Job beheld that his navel was filled with lint; and he did pluck it out, but the Lord caused it to be filled again..." (translation uncertain).

The Protestant Reformation was caused in part by lint. Martin Luther found the practice of self-flagellation followed by dabbing the wounds with lint balls soaked in vinegar to be heretical, and included it in his ninety-eight theses.

Other incidents of lint in history:

—St. Martin Izing of the Graces of One Hour became the patron saint of dry cleaners after the lint from four peasants' wool coats miraculously vanished following prayers to him.

—Bloody lint balls were discovered at the murder site of Catherine Stone, one of Jack the Ripper's victims.

—Elmer McGuffin, the only man to survive going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, used lint he had saved over a period of six years to cushion himself in the barrel.

The pressing issue, however, is what to do about the lint menace. A century ago, there was no real problem. Clothing was made from natural, biodegradable fibers, such as wool and cotton. But the introduction of man-made fabrics like polyester gave us a species of lint that was durable long after leisure suits went out of style. It is estimated that polyester takes two hundred years to decompose, as compared to the ten year life expectancy of cotton. That means that the lint that we pull out of our dryers will haunt our children, and our children's children.

What can we do with lint and still remain earth-friendly? Clearly, the policies of the past will not work in a changing world. As a community service, *Student Review* presents some solutions to this ever more worrisome dilemma.

A firm in Unna, Germany has been collecting lint donated by people who have grown tired of removing the offending matter from the pockets of their leisure suits, and has been making polishing rags out of it. This process

involves reducing the articles to piles of thread which are rewoven into new rag fabric. This fabric is then cut into twenty-five centimeter square swatches and sold on the open market. These rags have been proven to be especially good for polishing metal, and have been adopted by BMW for exclusive use in cleaning up new models as they roll off the assembly line.

Although Randolph Blanding's neighbors thought it was yet another example of just how cheap he was, this Wisconsin resident used lint to insulate his house. Blanding owns a chain of coin-operated laundry mats, and saved the lint from the dozens of dryers clogged by the stuff every day for nearly a year. His house was recently cited by the US Department of Energy as being one of the most energy efficient private residences in the country, and is now being considered for landmark status.

Sister Ellen Sykes, the spiritual living instructor in the Tagus, California Fifth Ward Relief Society, has turned her lint into decorative throwrugs. Noting the popular appeal of these rugs, Sister Sykes has started her own business manufacturing and selling other lint items, such as placemats and doormats, and is turning a comfortable profit.

While these solutions may be useful to a few, they do not satisfy the needs of a whole nation of lint producers and victims. But now a young entrepreneur named Peter Westlake may have a solution. Westlake has suggested a process by which all types of lint may be collected, as cans and newspapers are now collected, and sold by the ton to manufacturers who might weave the lint into threads which will then be used for cheap, durable fabrics. Although one critic compared the process to turning lead into gold, at least one major firm—Burlington—has expressed interest in the plan.

While lint will almost certainly remain a vexing problem well into the next century, we do not have to become its helpless victims. But supporting and emulating the remarkable innovators mentioned above, we can keep lint to a manageable level. It is just another way we can help protect the earth. Δ

All You Need is Love

by Bill Duncan

AS IS THE CASE IN NEARLY EVERY CRISIS, THE AIDS EPIDEMIC HAS claimed truth and rationality among its first victims. Neither Reagan nor Bush have addressed the virus which is said to infect 1.5 people in the United States, not to mention the numerous millions all over the world. The governments of the world are being criminally negligent in addressing this problem, so in an effort to counteract misinformation and to raise money for AIDS research, prevention, and relief, a group of contemporary artists have reinterpreted songs written by the great American composer, Cole Porter. As John Carlin writes of Porter in his insert which accompanies this collection entitled *Red, Hot, and Blue*, "His music presents love as a personal, almost subversive, force that enables us to transcend life's hardships. And, in the context of the repressive Victorian society that Porter's generation overturned in the 1920s, as much as when the 1960s generation overturned the conservative values of the post-war era, this bold expression of the power of love was dangerous stuff."

The first song is Neneh Cherry's re-reading of "I've Got You Under My Skin," which uses the basic refrain of the original to craft a slick statement about the human toll of the AIDS epidemic. The Neville Brothers are next with a gorgeous rendition of "In the Still of the Night," which marvelously illustrates the paradox between love's beauty and the danger it's very existence entails—not only because of AIDS, but also the emotional fears that commitment encompasses. The great thing about the song is that it is able to do this through the vocal style and instrumentation. Sinéad O'Connor provides an elegant and touching contribution with "You Do Something to Me." This is another song that gives the feeling of paradox, as the lovely lyrics clash with O'Connor's haunting vocal intonations. The first side also includes a whiskey-soaked "Just One of Those Things," courtesy of the Pogues,

All You Need is Love continued on next page



All You Need is Love

continued from previous page

and Tom Waits demented "It's all Right With Me."

On the second side, U2 drops by for their annual benefit album contribution with a wonderful "Night and Day," which is believed by many to be Cole Porter's masterpiece. Les Negresses Vertes, France's finest, do a lovely version of "I Love Paris," which, along with Salif Keita's contribution, underscores the international scope of the AIDS crisis. KD Lang, who according to the late Roy Orbison, possesses "the best pipes in the [country music] business," redefines angst with her rendition of "So In Love," and the Jungle Brothers fashion a statement about safe sex out of "I Get a Kick Out of You."

I've always kind of liked Lisa Stanfield, but not as much as I have since I heard her sing "Down in the Depths." Her vocals and the accompanying horns are equally expansive and complementary. This is the type of song that can present the listener with a mental picture without the manipulative use of video. It's terrific to be able to listen to this song and stand on a hill overlooking the Manhattan skyline without the bothersome matters of airfare and hotel accommodations.

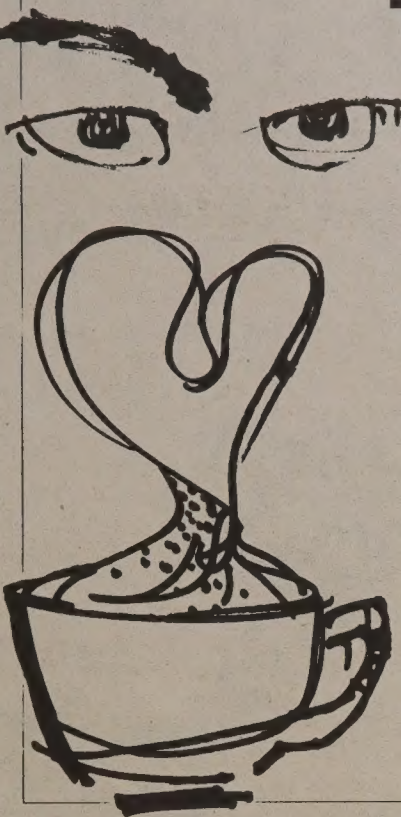
Jimmy Sommerville, who sings "From This Moment On," is one of the few homosexual artists on the album. As a member of such an oppressed minority group, he brings a sense of urgency to his interpretation. While the lyrics speak of "no more blue songs," Sommerville's voice is incredibly sad. With many of the other songs on the album, the heartbreaking message that is meant to be conveyed could conceivably be lost, but "From This Moment On" completely defies this possibility.

The end of the second side could

only have been the result of divine inspiration. The last two songs, "After You, Who" by Jody Watley and "Do I Love You" by Aztec Camera, are the finest on the tape. Jody Watley's past work has been uninspiring, which makes her song on this compilation all the more delightful. One of the nicest things about this album is the terrific use of instrumentation, and this one's no exception; especially Randy Waldman's piano. Aztec Camera (whose album *Stay* was the best of 1990), continues to inspire. Although the whole album is great, their song would be worth the price alone. Aztec Camera should, if this is any indication, be one of the finest bands of the nineties.

The album also includes songs by the Fine Young Cannibals, Deborah Harry and Iggy Pop (singing a duet), Kirsty McColl, David Byrne, Annie Lennox, the Thompson Twins, and Erasure.

As we are more violently besieged by the forces of rightist morality, there is a growing need for understanding and courage. Even without the wonderful music, *Red, Hot, and Blue* would inspire this, and that's becoming a more and more precious thing. Δ



Thinking Love

by Angela Lipscomb

"Two cappuccinos," he said dismissively to the waitress and turned to smile at me through

his smoke. I hated coffee, the bitterness, but didn't care. I'd drink what he ordered.

I planted my eyes firmly elsewhere, felt his gaze survey me. He must

know. He must feel it, too; of course, he didn't. Later,

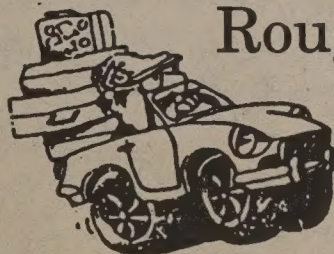
in the car, "Are you in love with me?" I didn't know, I said, looked away. Then,

he knew. His look became so intimate it excluded me. Then,

the lunge. The irony struck me, stunned me, and I laughed.



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CALENDAR

Nevada Bomb Tests. Locals watching an atomic bomb test in the summer of 1957. Among people living in Nevada, Utah, and California during the 1950s, bomb watching was a major spectator sport. (By J. R. Eyerman, *Life magazine* © 1984 Time Inc.)

THEATER

Jan 23-27, Th-Sun, *Tent Meeting*, Theatre Works West, at Walker Hall, Westminster College, 1840 S 1300 E, info 538-6520

Jan 23-Feb 18, *Don't Drink the Water*, Hale Center Theatre, SLC, info 484-9257

Jan 23-26, 29-31, *Hamlet*, BYU Pardoe Theatre, 7:30 pm, info 378-3875

Jan 25-6, *Company*, ELWC Memorial Lounge, 7:30 pm.

Jan 25, 26, 28, *April Ann*, Valley Center Playhouse, 7:30 pm, info 224-5310 (continues Fridays, Saturdays, Mondays through Feb 11)

Jan 31, *The Seagull*, Margetts Arena Theatre, 7:30 pm., tickets 378-3875

Theater Guide

The Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: F&Sat \$6, other nights \$5, 581-6961

The Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371

The Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257

Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E 300S, SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961

Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N 100 W, Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300

The Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W 500 N, SLC. Tickets: \$17 F&Sat, \$14 T-Th, 363-0525

Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000

Valley Center Playhouse, 780 N 200 E, Lindon. Tickets: \$4, 785-1186 or 224-5310.

MUSIC

Jan 24, New Age artist David Lanz w/Utah Symphony, Symphony Hall, 8 pm, info: 533-NOTE

Jan 25, Idaho Syndrome and Play-ground, The Pompadour, 740 S 300 W, SLC, info: 537-7051

Jan 26, Iceburn and Decomposers, The Pompadour, 740 S 300 W, SLC, info: 537-7051

Jan 25, 26, One Man Reggae: John Bayley, Bar & Grill, 60 E 800 S, 533-0340.

Jan 29-30, The Change, Bar & Grill, 60 E 800 S, 533-0340

Jan 29, Samite of Uganda, 7:30 pm, deJong Concert Hall, tickets 378-7444

Jan 31, Bobby McFerrin and Voicestra, Kingsbury Hall, 8:00 pm. Tickets \$18 at Kingsbury Hall (581-7100) and SmithTix (1-800-888-8499)

Temple Square Concert Series
All events begin at 7:30 pm; admission is free.

Jan 23, Rosemary Matthews, soprano, with Carol Bradshaw, piano

Jan 25, Julie Ann Reed, soprano

Jan 26, Quicksilver Flute Trio: Gary Bloomgren, Sandra Christensen, and Nancy Walker



Jan 30, University of Utah Showcase Concert,

FILM

Cinema in Your Face—15 W 300 S, SLC, info: 364-3647

1991 Festival of Animation, through Jan 31, 5:15, 7:25, 9:30

Jan 25, 26, 27 *Solaris*, 2:10

1991 Sundance Film Festival

Jan 17-27, features premieres, dramatic film competition, documentary competition, Mexican and Latin American film, film shorts, and other special screenings. Most screenings in Park City with some also at Sundance and Trolley Square. For information: 328-3456.

Cuban Film Festival—

Cinema from revolutionary Cuba, Thursdays, 6:30 pm in Orson Hall Auditorium at U of U

Jan 24, *Secondary Roles*

Jan 31, *Memories of Understanding Varsity I*

Jan 24, *The Gold Rush* 4:30, 7, 9:30

Jan 25, 27-30 *Narrow Margin* 4:30, 7, 9:30

Jan 31, *Singing in the Rain*, 4:30, 7, 9:30

Varsity II

Jan 25, 27, 28 *Always* 7, 9:30

International Cinema

Jan 22-26, *Anna Karenina* (Russian—ballet); *Love* (silent); *The Phantom Chariot* (silent). 250 SWKT

Jan 29-31, *Go Masters* (Mandarin

and Japanese); *A Time to Live, A Time to Die* (Mandarin); *Ancient Chinese Paintings* (Mandarin—documentary). 250 SWKT

Movies 8

Now showing: *Mr. Destiny*, *Arachnophobia*, *Rocky V*, *Jacob's Ladder*, *Predator 2*, *Avalon*, *Sibling Rivalry*, *Quigley Down Under*, \$1.50, call 375-5667

Cinema Guide

Academy Theatre, 373-4470

Avalon Theatre, 3605 S. State, SLC, 266-0258

Cinema in Your Face, 45 W 300S, SLC, 364-3647

Carillon Square Theatres, 224-5112

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622

International Cinema, 250 SWKT, BYU

Mann 4 Central Square Theatre, 374-6061

Scera Theater, 745 S State, Orem 225-2560

Varsity I, ELWC; Varsity II, JSB—378-3311

DANCE

Jan 24-26, *Coppelia*, Theatre Ballet, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 pm, tickets: 378-7444

Feb 15, 16, 20-23, *Sleeping Beauty*, Capitol Theatre, info: 524-8333

Mondays, International Folk Dancing, U of U Olpin Union Ballroom, 7:00 pm, free

Tuesdays & Saturdays, Big Band Era Ballroom Dancing, Murray Arts Center, 269-1400

Thursdays, Industrial Dance Music, The Pompadour, 740 S 300 W, SLC, \$4 cover, info: 537-7051

ART

Jan 23-Feb 8, BYU Art Gallery's Annual Faculty show, Gallery 303 and the Bent F. Larsen Gallery.

Jan 23-March 30, Environmental photographer Robert Glenn

Ketchum photograph exhibit at Sundance, info: 225-4107.

LECTURES

Jan 25, Planetarium Faculty Lecture, "Generic Astronomy," 492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 pm, admission \$1.

Jan 23, Bill of Rights Lecture Series: "The Constitution and the Rights of the Unborn," Leslie Francis, U of U Law School, 321 MSRB, 8 pm.

Feb 8, Bill of Rights Lecture Series: "The Federal Courts and the Bill of Rights," Raph Mecham, Administrative Office of U.S. Courts, 321 MSRB, 8 pm.

Feb 12, Sunstone Foundation New Testament Lecture Series: "Church Government in the New Testament," Ed Firmage, Ph.D. 7:30-9:00 pm, James Fletcher Building, U of U, \$2 donation.

BYUSA

Jan 22-25, Black Awareness Week

OTHER

Jan 26, Gulf War Protest march and rally in San Francisco, 1 pm, S.F. Civic Center. Utah delegation leaves SLC Federal Building on Jan 25 at 6 pm. Info: 544-7061, 328-1644

Geneva Steel plant tours, MTuWF at 9 am and 1 pm, free. Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laser Floyd, and others. Info 538-2098.

EDITORS CHOICE

Get your tickets now for the ballet *Sleeping Beauty*. Do not miss the Festival of Animation at Cinema in Your Face.

Reggae Dance

FRIDAY JAN. 25th
8:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

310 W. 500 N. Provo

\$3.00 (\$4.00 after 10 p.m.)

Reggae, Calypso and Salsa Music!

Sponsored by: **1A** & The International Club at UVCC
For more info call: 377-8717 ONE ALMIGHTY PARTY